

DOWIE HONORS WIFE

How He Pushed Her Into the Limelight of His Zion.

Placed Queenly Diadem on Head of Dull, Diffident Little Woman and Robed Her in Garments of Richest Texture.

Attired in a gown of regal splendor and with magnificent rose diamonds and other costly gems adorning her somewhat diminutive figure, Mrs. Jane Dowie, wife of John Alexander Dowie, was inducted one night in the summer of 1901 into office as the only woman "overseer" of Zion church and the Zion business enterprises. The ceremony of the installation and her investiture with the Zion robe of office was held in the Zion tabernacle, in Michigan avenue, near Sixteenth street, Chicago, the project for the building of Zion City near Waukegan being as yet in its infancy.

The Chicago Chronicle says that until this formal "bringing out" of Mrs. Dowie little was known of her outside of the cloistered walls of the Zion headquarters at Michigan avenue and Twelfth street. So her investiture in the exalted office as joint ruler with her husband over the fortunes of Zion was the opening of a new epoch in the history of the Dowie movement.

Her gorgeous robe, resplendent with the imported jewelry purchased with the money of the tithing-paying Zion congregation, fairly dazzled the multitude. Her costume on that gala occasion was faintly striped with the predominating Zion color, a fine shade of mother of pearl. She was hailed with glad acclaim as the "Zion queen," the royal consort of the high priest and prophet, Elijah III., general overseer of all the hosts of Zion. Her husband, the prince consort, "Elijah" Dowie, was unable to be present at the ceremony, as he was at that moment dodging the police who were seeking to arrest him on a warrant issued by a deputy coroner in whose court a jury had rendered a verdict that same evening holding Dowie responsible for the death of Mrs. Worthington Judd, a Dowieite who had been denied medical aid at the command of the leader of Zion.

She had only just returned from a visit to Paris, where she had sojourned a year, most of the time in the hands of private teachers and tutors, whose task had been to give her the schooling she failed to get in her youth and which was felt to be necessary even at a late date.



MRS. JANE DOWIE.
(Wife of John Alexander Dowie, the Founder of Zion City.)

In view of the queenly part her devoted husband had long been planning for her to play in Zion.

Except that she is a first cousin of her husband, nothing has ever been made known as to the family history of Mrs. Dowie. Before as well as after marriage she was Jane Dowie, her father being a brother of John Murray Dowie, the putative father of the man she married, but whom the master of Zion has repudiated of late, claiming for himself a divine origin as the reincarnation of Elijah and a sort of immaculate conception on the part of his "pre-widowed" mother.

John Alexander Dowie married Miss Jane Dowie in Australia early in the '70s. She has been the companion of all his joys and sorrows ever since. She has been described as possessing none of the colossal effrontery of her husband. It was the gossip of Zion that at the time she was tricked out with the title of ecclesiastical honor she did not relish it a bit, but was bent by her husband's daring will to share with him in a formal, open manner the theocratic throne he has erected with other people's money on the shores of Lake Michigan. Since then she has made sundry pitiable efforts to be flamboyant and has made some feeble attempts at public speaking in the Zion tabernacles. But it is said on authority that by nature she is really a diffident, dull little creature, who would make jelly rolls much better—and more happily—than compound daring conspiracies with her ambitious husband.

Mrs. Dowie is now in Europe, where she went with her son at the conclusion of the fiasco of the late invasion of New York by the hosts of Zion. One of the persistent rumors about her trip is that she carried with her over \$3,000,000 in treasure, and that the dic-

appearance of that sum was one of the contributing causes of the bankruptcy proceedings in which her husband has figured during the last few weeks. With her son, Gladstone Dowie, she is on the way to Australia, the country from which she and her husband departed penniless 20 years ago and where the prophet has announced he expects to join her in the spring.

The Perpetual Snow Line.
In no country does the line of perpetual snow reach the seacoast.

COL. CAMPBELL SLEMP.

The Only Republican in the Virginia Delegation to Congress—A Member of the District of Columbia Committee.

The people of the city of Washington can well afford to congratulate themselves upon the personal of the committee of the District of Columbia in the House of Representatives. This committee really is the governing body, so far as legislations affecting the interest of the city of Washington. Every bit of legislation must pass the eyes of this committee, and for that reason, the Speaker of the House always selects the best material for this committee.

In selecting Col. Slemp, Speaker Cannon made no mistake, for Col. Slemp is one of the best business men in the House of Representatives. Rife in the experience of business affairs and a man of business himself, is the very man to place on this committee. A man that was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but by the sweat of his brow has forced himself to the front of what is termed a business man. Col. Slemp, for a score or more of years, has been identified with the great and growing industries of South west Virginia. He has done more, perhaps, than any man in Virginia to induce capital and wealth to that section. It goes without saying that Col. Slemp will add more to the business interest of that section of Virginia, than has been accomplished since the close of the civil war. He is one of the leading Republicans of the State, and his section, and has always insisted upon a thorough organization of the Republican party.

Two years ago after President Roosevelt's announcement from Oyster Bay that southern Republicans must fight for party principles if they expect any patronage from him, to the day of his nomination, there was no thought of nominating any Republicans for Congress from Virginia. Col. Slemp said, "they have eliminated the negro, now let us white men fight for the liberties that Washington and his comrades fought for more than a century ago." The Colonel was nominated and the contest was short and hot, and he won by a good majority, but through the machinations of the Democratic election officers, his majority was reduced to less than three hundred. His canvass was marked by that cool and convincing manner that appeals to the reasons of men who know what they want, and who they desire to ask for what they want.

Col. Slemp is one of the best speakers in the State, and in 1879 when he was touring the State in the interest of the Readjuster cause, it was said that he and Parson John E. Massey knew more about the State debt question than any two men in the State. In 1889 he was nominated for Lieut. Governor of the Republic ticket with Gen. Mahone, and made a brilliant canvass of the State, but again through Democratic election manipulations met defeat.

You will find him busy every day in Congress and in the hotel lobbies conversing with men from all sections of the country, explaining to them the great advantages offered to business men in southwest Virginia. Republicans are already talking of nominating him for Governor next year and friends predict his election. Col. Slemp is one of the most pleasing men in Congress, and is always willing to talk to Virginians, black or white.

Col. Campbell Slemp of Big Stone Gap, was born in Lee County, Va., in 1839. Was a Democrat up to 1880. Was raised on a farm and has been a farmer all of his life. He is engaged in the live stock business, and in trading in coal and timber lands. Was a student at the Emory and Henry College, Virginia, but left before he had finished his course and when the war between the states began, he took up arms for the cause of the South, following the fortunes of the southern Confederacy till the close of that great conflict. Rising from Captain 21st Virginia Battalion to Colonel of the 64th Regiment. Was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates in 1879 and 1881. Was defeated by 40 votes in 1883. Was elected to the 58th Congress as a Republican receiving 13,694 votes to 13,476 votes to William F. Rhea. Democrat. Col. Slemp will be nominated and elected to the 59th Congress by the Republicans of the 9th district.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS LAW.

Mr. Barney McKay, represented by Attorneys Louis G. Gregory and J. A. Cobb, has filed suit in the Supreme Court of the District against John J. McDonnell, a saloon keeper on 7th street, N. W., for assault and violation of the Civil Rights Law. It is alleged that the defendant assaulted and unlawfully discriminated against the plaintiff on the 26th day of September last. The amount of damages asked for is \$5,000.00 besides costs.

AN INFAMOUS LIBEL.

A GRAVE CHARGE AGAINST THE NEGROES.

Education Degrades the Negro?

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 19.—In his inaugural address, delivered to-day before a joint session of the Mississippi legislature, Gov. James K. Vardaman declared that the growing tendency of the negro to commit criminal assault on white women is nothing more or less than the manifestation of the racial desire for social equality. In strong terms he declared that education is the curse of the negro race, and urged an amendment to the State constitution that will place the distribution of the common school fund solely within the power of the legislature. Continuing his discussion of the negro question, Gov. Vardaman said:

"As a race he is deteriorating morally every day. Time has demonstrated that he is more criminal as a free man than as a slave, that he is increasing in criminality with frightful rapidity, being one-third more criminal in 1890 than he was in 1880."

THE EDUCATED MORE CRIMINAL.

"The startling facts revealed by the census show that those who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterates, which is true of no other element of our population. I am advised that the minimum illiteracy among the negroes is found in New England, where it is 27 per cent. The maximum was found in the black belt—Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Caro-



COL. M. M. PARKER.

National Committeeman of the District of Columbia—Not a Candidate for Re-election.

lina—where it is 65.7 per cent. And yet the negro in New England is four and a half times more criminal, hundred for hundred, than he is in the black belt.

"In the South, Mississippi particularly, I know he is growing worse every year. You can scarcely pick up a newspaper whose pages are not blackened with the account of an unmentionable crime, committed by the negro brute, and this crime, I want to impress you, is but the manifestation of the negro's aspiration for social equality, encouraged largely by the character of free education in vogue, which the State is levying tribute upon the white people to maintain."

NO ILL WILL TOWARD NEGRO.

"The better class of negroes is not responsible for this terrible condition, nor for the criminal tendency of their race. Nor do I wish to be understood as censuring them for it. I am not censuring anybody, nor am I inspired by ill will for the negro, but I am simply calling attention to a most unfortunate and unendurable condition of affairs. What shall be done about it?"

"My own idea is that the character of the education for the negro ought to be changed. If, after years of earnest effort and the expenditure of fabulous sums of money to educate his head, we have only succeeded in making a criminal out of him and imperiling his usefulness and efficiency as a laborer, wisdom would suggest that we make another experiment and see if we cannot improve him by educating his hand and his heart. There must be a moral substratum upon which to build, or you cannot make a desirable citizen."

The governor also declares that the people of the nation should rise up and demand the repeal of the Fifteenth amendment.

HON. MORGAN H. BEACH.

The United States District Attorney Morgan H. Beach in opening the government's case in the celebrated Post office case, made one of the most concise and open statements that one would desire to hear. Just what the government intends to prove is a question to be decided later on.

THE SECRET CONFERENCE.

WASHINGTON'S OPPOSERS HOLD A LOVE FEAST.

THE WIZARD IS ASKED TO EXPLAIN.

Dubois Shakes the Wizard's Hand And Declares that he is Satisfied That P. of Washington has been Sinned Against—All Satisfied But Massachusetts—Clem. Morgan and Attorney Lewis Have Words—Great Excitement.

The secret conference called by Booker Washington, and which met in the city of New York January 6th, 7th, and 8th, has aroused the curiosity of the general public a great deal and this is due to the fact that Booker is very wise, cunning and hard to solve when dealing with his own people; but exceedingly transparent and frank when dealing with those who hold the money bags. It has been impossible to get any one of those who attended the conference to talk about it. But from various sources little pieces of information have leaked out, and The Bee puts these scraps of gossip together for the instruction and amusement of its readers.

At the opening of the conference Mr. Washington made a ten minutes address that was plausible and conciliatory, and contained nothing worthy of note beyond the fact that everything must be kept secret and that no notes must be taken by any member of the conference of what transpired. Pro-

himself? The story continues that he made no rejoinder and that Mr. Morgan continued his writing. The opinion is expressed that if, ever the proceedings of this secret conference are made public, Mr. Morgan's notes will furnish more complete information than those of Kelly Miller, who acted as Secretary of the conference.

Another story is to the effect that Mr. Washington became exceedingly uneasy when he learned that Mr. William Monroe Trotter was in New York. Mr. Trotter is Washington's "bête noire." One evening it became noised about that one of the New York papers was to contain a sensational account of the conference, and notwithstanding the fact that every precaution had been taken to keep things out of the papers. Immediately Emmet Scott, Whittie McKinlay and Charles Anderson were organized into an extingishing committee to defeat the work of the "bête noire" Trotter, for the who's thing was laid at his door. There was as much scurrying about as when the roar of cannon was heard at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond, on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo.

One of the best stories of the conference relates to a "love feast" speech that Mr. Keeling of the A. M. E. Church Review was making having for its purpose the sealing of the bond of harmony that the conference was called to develop. The Hon. Edward H. Morris was presiding at this particular session. Mr. Keeling was reaching a climax in these words, "In the history of the Negro race in America the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th days of January will date the cementing of the bonds of concord between all discordant elements." At this point someone interrupted to say that there had been no meeting on the fifth of January. "Take your seat," said Mr. Morris. "Now, Mr. Keeling, go on with your remarks and give the cementing of the bonds of concord any date you see fit."

Prof. Kelly Miller had been requested to prepare an address to the country, and after he had done so, which was all was done and the only thing of note, but Mr. Booker T. Washington prevented its publication. Then it was decided to publish certain facts and this was vetoed. Then a committee on public information or something like that was appointed, consisting of three members. Someone wanted to know from whom does the committee get its authority or what shall it be called. Someone remarked that it should let it be known that some one authorized this self constituted committee. If the public should see a committee flying in the air without a tail or a name; that is the committee, because it was born and sent out without a head or a name.

Many of Washington's henchmen did not come. The apologist, who went to Memphis, Tenn., was not present, neither was Daney, who has been trying to get on Washington's coat tail for some time.

The office bread and butter brigade was in evidence. Washington is the Dowie of the office holders, seekers of office, with only one or two exceptions. Mr. John P. Green is an exception. The so-called big negro must get permission from Washington to talk, to walk, and to hold office. Bah.

At the close of the conference Mr. Washington made a speech, and we are told he had a few tears on hand for histrionic effects. He promised to be good hereafter, to stand for universal suffrage, higher education, and almost any old thing, if the boys would fall in and march behind him. The future will show how many birds he caught by putting salt on their tails.

The last act consisted in the boys walking up to the "Captain's office" and getting their expenses.

So far we have learned that the following persons were present: W. E. B. Dubois, Rev. E. C. Morris, J. W. Lyons, E. J. Scott, R. R. Moten, P. B. S. Pinchback, Rev. I. B. Scott, Whitefield McKinlay, Kay Miller, Clement G. Morgan, A. H. Grimke, Dr. J. E. Coussin, T. Fortune, Hon. E. H. Morris, S. Laing Williams, F. L. McGhee, W. H. Steward, J. C. Napier, Alex. Walters, James H. Hayes, George L. Knox, B. T. Washington, T. T. Keeling.

White men present: Andrew Carnegie, Carl Schurz, W. K. Balwis, Jr., R. C. Ogden, George Foster Peabody, Mr. Villard, William Hayes Ward and Lyman Abbott.

W. CALVIN CHASE REMOVED.

He Had Criticized the President's Lily White Policy—Will be Elected Anyway.

The administration committee or a majority of the committee, Senator McComas and Mr. Yerkes, who has previously appointed Messrs. Chapin Brown, Lem Bradshaw and W. Calvin Chase, appointed a new committee on last Saturday, consisting of Mr. Chapin Brown, Gen. Geo. H. Harris, and Mr. John F. Cook. This committee is perfectly satisfactory and no one applauds the action of the committee any more than the Editor of The Bee. President Roosevelt has changed his lily white policy to some extent and no one will be more pleased to support the president than the Editor of The Bee.

He was opposed to the President's southern policy. The President has recanted. When the President goes right, The Bee will do likewise. It is the wish of the Republicans of the country that the President should be the nemesis of the party, there is nothing more to it.

The fact is The Bee openly opposed the president, while thousands of others slyly opposed him. Everybody has indorsed him and no one wants him. But the President seems to have brought the opposing forces into line. If every republicans should be removed because he has criticized the president there would not be many left to tell a good political story. The Editor of The Bee is a good republican and he will support the party, when the party is right.

ROMANCE IN VIENNA.

Cobbler's Daughter to Become Wife of Rich Nobleman.

An Engagement Which is Keeping Busy the Gossips of Austria and Hungary—Powerful Count Victim of Cupid.

Gossip is busy in the Vienna suburb of Hernals over the approaching marriage of a rich Hungarian count, of ancient lineage, with the daughter of a local shoemaker. The fortunate damsel is Elisabeth Kolasia, whose father, Joseph Kolasia, has been for many years an industrious working cobbler in Hernals. Her betrothed is Count Stephen Gyulai.

Miss Kolasia is a really good-looking young woman, who is said by the neighbors to be as modest and amiable as she is pretty. She worked as a seamstress and out of her slender earnings contributed to the support of the family household, which included five younger brothers and sisters. What little spare money and leisure time she had were employed in visits to the theater and opera, and in reading.

When leaving the imperial court theater one evening nearly three years ago, she was accosted by an elegantly dressed young man who introduced himself as Count Stephen Gyulai. His manner was perfectly respectful, and he asked permission to call upon her father. Next day the count appeared in the shoemaker's small apartment, the first of many such visits.

Then, says the Kansas City Star, the count's visits became more frequent. He made the girl many and costly presents and bought her fashionable costumes, and took her to theaters, concerts and other amusements. Some of the count's aristocratic friends and acquaintances looked doubtfully at his fair companion, but the nobleman appeared supremely indifferent to their opinion. The remonstrances of his family had no more effect upon him, for he was deeply in love with the Hernals shoemaker's daughter and determined upon making her his wife.

Elisabeth's father and sisters were entertained at the count's house in Vienna, and, contrary to the sort of thing in story books, were always treated with the utmost courtesy. The count came frequently to the shoemaker's quarters and his acquaintance proved very valuable to the latter from a business standpoint, for the shoemaker's affairs prospered visibly. A few days ago



ELISABETH KOLASIA.
(Cobbler's Daughter Who is Soon to Become a Countess.)

the count and Elisabeth made a short trip to the country, and upon their return the count announced their betrothal. Active preparations for the wedding have begun and the ceremony will take place very soon at the count's estate in Hungary.

Count Stephen Gyulai is 27 years old and belongs to the military order of German knights. His father, who died some years ago, was a great Hungarian nobleman, a knight of honor of the Sovereign Order of Malta. He bequeathed to his son estates in Hungary at Saravola, Trubawetten, Dugosello, Gyulai Mares, Murany and Nagy Barsany; a castle at Gorz near Trieste and another country place near Bosen, in one of the loveliest parts of the Tyrol. There are also other historic properties in Lombardy, the domains of Assogiano, Mestre, near Venice; Theviso Mestre and Chirignog.

Following the European custom, the count leaves the management of his great inheritance to agents and spends most of his time in the gay Austrian capital. He is exceedingly fond of hunting, and is a remarkably good shot. Later he has devoted a good deal of time to automobilizing. The Gyulai family is of ancient origin, tracing its ancestry back to the fifteenth century. Count Stephen's branch was ennobled in 1694, the then head of the line being given the title of baron in Austria. In 1701 he was raised to the dignity of a count of Transylvania.

Oldest Living Twin Sisters.
The oldest living twins in the United States are Mrs. Emeline Perrin and Mrs. Eviline Tilton, both residents of New Hampton, Ia. They were born in 1811, and this year celebrated the ninety-second anniversary of their birth.



The Say

Don't be false to any one.
Be honest and act well to your friends.

Remember that "honesty is the best policy."

There are some people who are very jealous.

Some people are false to every one.

The Democratic Party is on the out-look for voters.

Georgia republicans should be careful how they throw.

Two new Judges of the Police court will be appointed.

The white people in this country will be convinced that they can not select a leader for the negro.

The democratic party is organizing.

Senator Gorman may secure the democratic nomination.

In union there is strength for that reason the white people want an apologist to lead the negro race.

The Afro-American council thing of the past.

There are to be no office holders members of the suffrage association.

Rev. S. L. Corrothers will make a strong president of the new suffrage association.

The sage (?) of Tuskegee will be weighed in the balances and found wanting.

The most successful man in the United States is the one who can succeed.

The colored attorney will organize some time in the near future.

We do not know it all and it is well to take the advice of our friends.

Think of those who are your friends and who will treat you well.

The Business League that met at Nashville Tenn., was a good farce.

The colored American that was going to swallow the world of news papers made its appearance last week.

It was a hard struggle for life and when it did appear there were many old faces put in to save position.

A news paper with a circulation of ten thousand ought to be able to withstand chronic dyspepsia.

Look out for the National suffrage association.

Do not imagine that you are the entire country because you have a hit's money.

W. J. Bryan is a man who thinks he knows it all.

The Evening Star thinks Booker Washington is a great man.

The Star would have a similar opinion of other negro apologists.

Our contemporary should attend to its own business and allow the negro to select his own leader.

The Bee is of the opinion that the negro race is being betrayed.

Senator Hanna is not at all disturbed. It is too early to talk about the national chairmanship of any party.

Let us first select a president then let us talk about a chairman.

The Bee is the colored American of this city and the proper Recorder of events.

It is no Afro-American but a common pure negro advocate.

It does not believe in the Plan, this is a dark Age that needs a torch that will appeal to the reasons of the people.

This advice the Guardian needs, keep it straight.

The only way to succeed is to

Let us have qualified suffrage.

There is a division in the ranks of the republican party.

Negroes are easily deceived.

There is a great deal for the negroes to learn.

Why can't colored men unite?

The most successful editor is the one who is able to command the respect of the people.

Have you read The Bee, if not, do so at once.

There are lots of frauds in this country.

Look out for the man who claims to be soliciting cash subscribers for The Bee.

The merchants are warned to look out for a man who claims to represent The Bee.

BARON VON STENGEL.

New German Chancellor of the Exchequer Who Will Have to Solve Some Hard Problems.

Baron Hermann von Stengel, Emperor William's new chancellor of the exchequer, is confronted by one of the knottiest financial problems with which modern Germany has ever had to wrestle—how to meet increasing national expenditure with a correspondingly decreasing revenue. The solution of the question will involve a practical revolution in the system of government finance—new arrangements with the various independent states of the empire with reference to the pro rata contributions to the imperial treasury, new schemes of internal and external taxation, a possible reorganization of the national currency, and a score of other vexing proposals.

BARON VON STENGEL.
(Recently Appointed Chancellor of the German Exchequer.)

ditions. To add to the new minister's woes, the great cash-eating departments of the kaiser's government—the army and navy—are clamoring appealingly for more money; the army wants more cavalry and artillery divisions and a complete rearmament, costing \$25,000,000; the navy is feverishly anxious to cram into the next five years the completion of Emperor William's great 38 battleship programme, designed to extend over 13 years.

Baron von Thielmann, whom Emperor William relieved of the finance minister's portfolio in August, was found unequal to the task of satisfying all these hungry departmental wolves, and Baron von Stengel, with a fine record of successful accomplishment as a state financier in Bavaria, has been summoned to Berlin to accomplish the Herculean task of making imperial ends meet. His friends assert that he will do so. In appointing him, the kaiser was compelled, owing to the exigencies requiring an experienced hand to depart from his newly established rule of calling only young men into the cabinet, for the new secretary of the treasury is 73 years old. He has, however, been an usually active public figure, and during the bitter discussions preceding the passage of the new German tariff law, he was especially prominent in his capacity as Bavaria's representative in the federal council—the "upper house" of the German empire's parliamentary system. Stengel comes from old Rhineland-Westphalian stock, his ancestor having been made a member of the Prussian nobility by Frederick the Great. He has been a national character since 1884, when Bavaria and the grand duchy of Saxe-Meiningen jointly sent him to Berlin as their representative in the federal council.

SOME BOYS—

Take on absurd airs if a woman treats them as men.

Regard early rising as one of the greatest trials of life.

Talk to girls in a manner that indicates want of respect.

Boast about what they do in a way that indicates fabrication.

Assume the ways of their superiors without regard to conditions.

Rarely give their family the pleasure of their presence in the evening.

Make so much noise that their absence would be considered a favor.

Operate on the theory that no one else has rights which they are compelled to respect.

Go to their daily business place as though they were the victims of a conspiracy.

Show a sad lack of tact in dealing with those who are above them in position.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Whiskey \$1.10 Per Gallon

We claim to be the **LOWEST PRICED WHISKEY HOUSE**. We really sell whiskey as low as \$1.10 per gallon, and mind you, distilled Whiskey—not a decoction of chemicals—but of course it's new and under proof.

"CASPER'S STANDARD" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina by the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnace wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by your grand-fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at \$5 to \$6 per gallon, but it is not any better than the ev

ARD. It is the best produced and must please every customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incorporated Under the Laws of North Carolina, with an authorized capital of \$100,000.00 and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-Salem, N. C., will tell you our guarantee is good. This is old honest, mild and mellow whiskey is worth one dollar a quart, but to more fully introduce "CASPER'S STANDARD" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 Quarts \$2.95, 10 Quarts \$5.00, Express Prepaid Anywhere in the United States. All orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check etc.) as well as requests for confidential price list must be addressed as follows:

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Mrs. Bacon—Ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?
Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion.
Softleigh—I say, dociah, do you—w—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?

Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.
"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people's lights have more to do with it.—D. C. Free Press.

GABRIEL WAS PROUD

Horse Finds Life's Load Too Big and Kills Himself.

Once Proud Roadster Loses Heart When Hitched to Dump Cart—Jumps in Fire and Stays There Until Life Is Extinct.

No one who reads this story will believe it, which is a pity, because the story is true, which also is a pity. Raphael Marzulli believes it. So do 24 of his co-laborers who toil in the First ward streets and at the lake front dump, in Chicago. So also does John McCarthy, deputy commissioner of streets in the Chicago city hall, and a number of other city officials affirm it.

Therefore it is a pity that this story will not be believed by those who read it. It is a bit cheering to think that Ernest Thompson Seton would be more credulous if he should chance to see it, and that Rudyard Kipling might.

Raphael is entitled to some credence. He is now in the hospital suffering from severe burns with which he would not be pained if the story were not true.

"Da foola da horse," says Raphael. "He do it a-purp. He maka da—da—self kill."

"The horse committed suicide, and I don't blame him," said Mr. McCarthy. Gabriel had been a dump cart horse in the First ward for some time, but he had not been born to this low estate; he had not always been Gabriel. The Italian laborers dubbed him thus after he came among them. Once he had been a handsome roadster, owned by Col. John S. Cooper, and had seen a great many far better days.

His virtues as a roadster disappearing with years, Gabriel found himself on the First ward street work, toiling with a little two-wheeled cart behind him and helping to make the city beautiful by hauling refuse to build up a park on the lake front.

He never had thought it would come to this. From a well groomed roadster to a dirt cart horse is a long, hard fall. The company and associations were not those to which he had been



STOOD IN THE FIRE.

accustomed. He could not even understand the dialect of the Italians. Then, says the Chicago Tribune, he grew pensive in spirit and lost flesh. For some time his equine pride seemed stunned and his hope broken. He traveled from the downtown district, hauling street sweepings out to the lake front at Jackson boulevard. This day after day, until Gabriel asked himself:

"What's the use?"

He made his last trip Saturday with his driver, Raphael Marzulli, he of the burns. In the middle of the dump there has been a fire of refuse burning for a week. The cart had been emptied and the dejected Gabriel was commanded to "get up."

Then suddenly the thing happened. Gabriel laid his ears back and showed his teeth. He kicked up his heels, and, before the astonished Raphael could stop him, he was tearing over the dump. As he neared the fire he swerved towards it and ran directly into it.

There he stood. The efforts of the frantic Raphael, seconded by 20 other astonished street laborers, could not move him.

Raphael received his burns trying to get the horse out before he was dead. He failed. A verdict of suicide probably will be returned by the coroner's jury. It may be that Gabriel had looked over the water that he and other ward horses were expected to fill in with dirt and make into a park, and had begun to wonder how many cartloads would be required—a problem much worse than the "how old is Ann"—and this may have been too much for him.

Anyway, those were the facts as reported to the Chicago street department officials.

A Loaf-Making Experiment.

A loaf-making experiment has been made at Blockley, Worcestershire. At 8:30 one morning Messrs. Taylor & Sons, of the Sheaf House farm, Blockley, started to cut a field of wheat. As fast as the sheaves were cut they were carried to the granary, and there thrashed and winnowed. These operations took six and one-half minutes.

Then the wheat was taken to the mill champion rat-catching dog, declares he of J. H. Panton, and there ground and dressed in five and one-half minutes. At the adjacent bakehouse the flour was made into dough and molded into cakes.

Seven small loaves were taken from the oven at nine o'clock—process. It is heated under high steam 80 minutes from the time the wheat was pressure until the resinous ingredients standing uncut. One was sent to the home sticky, when it is pressed into bricks.

Sawdust Turned Into Fuel.

Sawdust is turned into transportable and leaves. Seven small loaves were taken from the oven at nine o'clock—process. It is heated under high steam 80 minutes from the time the wheat was pressure until the resinous ingredients standing uncut. One was sent to the home sticky, when it is pressed into bricks.

NEGRO SOLD AT AUCTION.

It Was at a W. C. T. U. Humbug Sale and the Old Man Brought Just \$2.35.

The Woman's Christian Temperance union of Indianapolis, Ind., has been holding a rummage sale. One old colored man entered.

"I wish you'd sell me," he said to one of the women. "I'm tired tramping around the country, and I'll work for anybody the rest of my days for my victuals and clothes."

One of the women suggested that the old man be placed on a table with a price marked on him, but after further talk with the negro to be certain that he was in earnest, it was decided to auction him off to the highest bidder. The old man was put on a stool and one of the women got on the counter and began to cry the bargain. The first bid was 50 cents. The bidder explained that he simply wanted to give the auctioneer a start. The next bid was 75 cents, and quarter bids were received until the old man was valued at \$2. Then there was a lull in the bidding, but the crier persisted, and the bargain was finally knocked down



"I WISH YOU'D SELL ME."

to H. W. Shea, a commission merchant, at \$2.35.

The negro eyed the commission man closely and announced that he believed he would like to live with him. He said he had had no home for years and he was tired of living from hand to mouth. Mr. Shea told the women that he would give his new purchase some light work around his commission house, and, if he proved to be trustworthy, the job would be permanent. He agreed to give the negro a suit of clothes and plenty to eat.

The old man thanked the women for having found a home for him and went away with his new master, seemingly quite satisfied.

NOVELTY IN SPORTS.

Rat-Chasing, the Latest Fad, Is Said to Surpass Fox-Hunting in Genuine Excitement.

Rat chasing is the new sport, to which men, young and old, living near Bermudian, Adams county, Pa., have recently become devoted. As a rural sport the innovation is fast outdistancing fox hunting in the village.

Interest in this game was aroused several weeks ago, when a Bermudian resident liberated six rats from a trap and the dogs of the village engaged in a rat-killing contest. Rules regulating the sport were then drafted and now it has become a regular Saturday afternoon pastime and wagers are made on the result.

During the week traps are set in rat-infested buildings, and when the time arrives for the weekly round-up as many as 50 rats are usually in captivity.

The owners of the dogs then assemble at the club house. Each dog is held by its owner or trainer. One rat



MEET AT THE CLUBHOUSE.

is then liberated from a trap, gets a start of several yards, and, at a signal the dogs are released and the chase is on. The owner of the dog catching the most rats receives a cash prize, which is collected from the owners of the dogs. There is also lively betting on the side.

One Bermudian man, who owns the champion rat-catching dog, declares he has won enough money to pay the bill for his winter coal.

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WILL IT BE ONESIDED?

The Bee took occasion to ask last week whether the paper of Mr. Booker T. Washington is to be discussed after he has read it before the Bethel Literary. Up to the present time, no information has been received from the president of the organization to that effect. It is very important that the people should know and it is hoped that Mr. George W. Jackson, for whom The Bee has the most profound respect and one among the sensible presidents that has had charge of the Bethel Literary. If it is not the intention of the president to permit a discussion of Mr. Washington's views, will he please make it known. Certainly Mr. Washington would not object to his views being discussed and certain questions asked him, if they be respectable. As an educator The Bee has the most profound respect for him, but as a politician The Bee is compelled to take issue with him on certain questions and if he would come The Bee's way of thinking on the negro question, he would have its support. It will take him some time to correct the wrong that he has done the negro, but still, "while the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return."

Prof. Washington knew how to reach his enemies. He prepared a feast, which is said was fit for the "Geds." He tickled their stomachs and wet their palates with wine and whiskey and after the feast was over every negro was highly pleased with Prof. Washington. The old sinner DuBois becomes jubilant with the treatment he received. The old, hard sinners who have been using dagger, pepper and salt on Washington's flesh became soothed at this love feast. The dazzling gold of the mill lenars was in evidence at this secret conference. The negro educators, politicians, poets and money sharks, who attended this secret conference left with the imprint of Washington in their throats and stomachs. There were many who didn't attend, but those who accepted his invitation and who previous denounced him, with but one exception, Edward H. Morris, of Chicago, are now singing Washington's praises.

If you want to catch the negro just show him the long greens, good whiskey, and fill his stomach with chicken, turkey, etc. You will hear no more from the big negro on Washington. They have all joined the bread and butter brigade. Now Mr. Jackson, will it be onesided?

HAS HE SINNED?

The Editor of this paper has been charged with having opposed the President, because of his southern policy and for that reason, the Editor's political enemies have asked his removal from the Election Committee. If this is a free republic and if the constitution of the United States means anything, then the Editor has committed no offense. The Editor of The Bee has and has had his opinion concerning the President's southern policy and he has had his choice of men suitable for the presidency, just the same as other republicans. The President has his opinion concerning men, because he has his opinion must be impeached before the

expirations of his term of office?

The Editor of The Bee has made every effort and to some extent he has succeeded in taking local republican politics out of the hands of the political ignorant ward healers, and assisted in placing on the National Committee a polished gentleman and a man of influence and property. A man who has never failed to do his duty when the national republican committee has called for funds. If the party leaders are anxious to have the striker and ward healer to return to power and again disgrace republican politics in this city, the Editor of The Bee then has no apologies to offer or favors to ask. He never was a coward and never expects to be. If the great capital of the nation does not want to set an example for purity in politics and allow a man to express his opinion without being threatened with decapitation, the seat of this great government should not make faces at those who have disfranchised the Negro in the South.

VARDAMAN.

This democratic governor from the state of Mississippi, is a liar pure and simple, when he asserts that the educated negroes or any other class of negroes are becoming more criminal. If he would take the time to read he would be convinced that the educated negro has too much to attend to without seeking social equality. There are certain South Carolina negroes and perhaps a few in Mississippi who have been made white by amalgamation, who are no doubt quite anxious to be regarded white and would readily associate with the daughter of the Governor of Mississippi. This is not the first time that Mississippi has been disgraced by the election of such an animal to the position of governor.

JUDGE GOULD'S WIFE

The wife of Justice Ashby M. Gould died last week which was a severe shock to his friends and the entire community. Mrs. M. G. Gould was a woman of extraordinary attainments, who was carefully and motherly rearing a family that was the pride and life to her distinguished husband. The death of Mrs. Gould takes from once a happy household one whose place can never again be filled. She leaves behind five small children, who must brave this world with the companionship of a father whose love for his offspring will forever cause him to fill the place of a loving mother and a notable wife. We extend our sympathy to Justice Gould.

STAR CHAMBER CONFERENCE.

As to the "Star Chamber" conference held in New York, The Bee warns the people that men seek darkness because their deeds are dark. Any explanations, recantations or professions of loyalty to the fundamental principles made behind closed doors, must be taken with allowance. If Booker Washington has embraced the belief in absolute civil and political equality we are willing to work with him, but not for him, to march beside him, but not behind him. In other words he is impossible as a leader.

The titles conferred on Booker Washington by Hon. Edward H. Morris in his recent address before the Bethel Literary are becoming very generally popular. "King of Mental Vagrants" and "Black Dowie" stand a fair chance to take the place of "Wizard" and "Moses."

The commissioners have put a veto on the "flim flam" leader. He must look wise and the editor elected. The followers of Booker Washington had better study his book before they attempt to defend him.

Auntie Ruben appeared in the Post this week again. For once auntie is happy.

The District democrats will unite on Hearst.

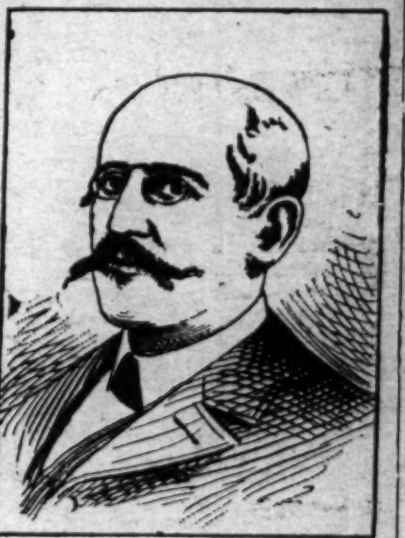
The democrats will nominate Bryan's choice.

WILL HAVE NEW TRIAL

Capt. Dreyfus, Dismissed from Army in Disgrace, to Be Retried by Civilian Tribunal.

Capt. Dreyfus, accused of treason to France, degraded, dismissed from the French army and exiled to prison on Devil's Island, will have another trial, this time by a civilian tribunal. As the result of an examination of all the evidence submitted to two courts-martial, which have already passed on the question of Dreyfus' guilt, as well as on the petition of Dreyfus for a new trial, and the additional facts brought to light by Gen. Andre, minister of war, the commission on revision representing the court of cassation reached a decision in favor of the revision of the case by the criminal branch of the court of cassation. The court will assemble next month, and Dreyfus will then have full opportunity to make a complete exposition of the wrongs he is said to have suffered. The former captain, as a result of this new trial, expects to obtain vindication, followed by restoration to his former rank in the army.

The criminal branch of the court of cassation is composed of 16 members.



CAPT. ALFRED DREYFUS. (About to Have a New Trial Before a Civilian Tribunal.)

presided over by M. Loew, who has participated in many of the most prominent trials of recent years. Many people are in doubt as to whether this court can definitely decide the question of Dreyfus' restoration to the army, some authorities holding that under the law the rehabilitation of officers must be determined by the council of war. A prominent official, however, said that he expected the decision of the court would be accepted as final. Dreyfus did not desire that his new trial should be conducted by a civilian tribunal, as he was anxious to again go before a court-martial. M. Morand, the Parisian lawyer who represented Dreyfus before the court of cassation, refused to be interviewed, but a friend, speaking for him, said that Dreyfus had asked to be judged by his peers, and that he had not changed his views. His counsel will again demand a military judgment of the case. At the home of former Capt. Dreyfus the decision was expected, and preparations are now being made to convince the court of his innocence.

COUNT DE LAMSDORFF.

Russia's Minister for Foreign Affairs Is Said to Be a Consistent Advocate of Peace.

In view of the expected hostilities between Russia and Japan, Foreign Minister Lamsdorff, of Russia, is just now especially prominent as representing officially that element of the Russian empire, of which the czar is an adherent, which is notoriously opposed to war. Count Lamsdorff succeeded to his portfolio in January, three years ago, following the sudden death of Count Muraviev. He was well known as one of the most efficacious men in the foreign office, and Count Muraviev's first assistant, and naturally the czar turned to him as the latter's successor. He has



COUNT LAMSDORFF. (Russia's Peace-Loving Minister of Foreign Affairs.)

never lost faith in his judgment, and today is a firm believer that the good of Russia depends rather on the peace views of the foreign minister than upon Viceroy Alexieff, who heads the war party.

Count Lamsdorff entered the Russian foreign office at an early age and rose rapidly. He was first attached to the emperor's cabinet, then appointed secretary to the foreign office, and finally counselor. When he became minister one of his first reforms was to break the system of shrouding everything in the cabinet under the veil of mystery. Since that time, by means of the official messenger, he keeps the public informed about all matters of interest pertaining to the foreign office, which, for Russia, is considered a great innovation. If Count Lamsdorff can prevent it there will be no war between Russia and Japan.

A SONG OF THE WAY.

I ask not any stay of time—
The length of a day;
I want to sing: my soul and I
Are weary of the way!

Are weary of the way
Where winter weeps for May;
The last, sweet rest,
With flowers abreast—
Ah! that's Life's holiday!

We've had our dreams in years gone by—
An' then our bitter waking!
And sweet came song, the way along,
Whilst the poor heart was breaking!

But, weary of the way,
Sings shrill the more the May;
The silence seems
To sing through dreams
Of Life's last holiday!

We've had our toil, and our reward,
A journeying down the years;
God gave us Love—all gifts above—
And the sweet gift of tears.

But, weary of the way,
We greet the shadows gray,
And thankful rest
With flowers abreast,
In Life's last holiday!
—F. A. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE SHERIFF'S DEPUTY.

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME.

If it had not been for the gray eyes that looked you in the face from the big slouch hat you might have said that the sheriff's deputy was the proverbial square peg in the round hole. Every one in Putnam Creek had wondered when Jack Farley, standing but five feet two in his leathers, with a voice like a woman's, a countenance apparently hewn out of wood and known as the most modest and retiring man throughout four counties, had been appointed deputy to Sheriff Hart, a giant in stature and a genius at bluffing, who boasted that he was the terror of evil doers all over the state.

Since the deputy's election, now some three months cold, his duties had mainly consisted in interfering in a few cock fights, forbidden sport now, save in precincts out of reach of the law; in the keeping of an eye on the saloons along the river front, and in guiding convivial and belated wanderers gently toward the look-up at the farther end of town. But this morning the town was astir. Big Pete, who made his home in the pine-covered mountains, descending only at long intervals to secure the needed supplies for his cleverly concealed cabin far up some mountain trail, was wanted, and the sheriff had set out to secure him.

He had ridden into town the night before; had become involved in a hasty quarrel with a man whom he had never seen on that moment; had drawn his revolver and shot, once—twice—and a man stretched at horrible length lay prone in the dusk, while miles away, heading toward the mountains that rose gray and grim against the sky line, rode pursuer and pursued with but a league between.

The sheriff returned the next day angry and excited. Farley rode mildly in his rear. They had ridden 40 miles into the mountains only to be baffled by one of Big Pete's clever tricks. Cutting across a stream which in dry weather served as a ford, he had crossed it again half a mile farther up its bank, had discovered the hoofprints of a band of wild mustangs and, doubling on their tracks, had successfully eluded his pursuers, who, riding on in mad haste, were happily unconscious that Big Pete rode leisurely along in their rear. On the return way they had been met by an old mountaineer who explained the ruse to them so convincingly that the sheriff vowed to return for his quarry at daybreak.

The deputy lounging carelessly outside the store, listening in silence to the questions and comments of the various groups of men, might have seemed, to a casual observer, slightly bored, but the eyes under the slouch hat were unusually bright and keen, and not a word of the heating arguments that occurred was lost on him. He sat quietly on a dilapidated box, hastily upended for the convenience of his small stature, and appeared to be lazily chipping bits of wood from the corner of the log building. He leaned forward a little to look at the last speaker.

"What'd you say, Jim?" An old man with grizzled hair and beard, turned slowly toward the deputy.

"He's got some things cacked on the mountain side. I seen him there one day. He was windin' round the place like a hawk."

"Where at?" asked Farley, indifferently.

The old man leaned eagerly forward. "Say! You know that big flat-top pine up beyond the fork of the Snow river canyon? It's by the big bald bluff 40 foot along the river bed."

"I wonder if Hart'll know about that place?" queried the deputy in his soft voice, rising as he spoke and casting a keen glance about.

The old man shot a contemptuous glance at him. "I guess the sheriff will get him all right," he commented laconically, tilting his chair on its hind legs that he might have an uninterrupted view of Farley's face.

"Hart's pretty keen on the scent, and he ain't no slouch when his mind's made up. I reckon we'll hear something to-morrow. If Hart can't get him, nobody can."

To this last remark Putnam Creek's population granted an unqualified assent. To these rough lumbermen muscle and brawn were winning cards, and the sheriff's six feet of perfect thews and sinews, appealed to the primal forces in them.

But Farley took the implied disap-

proval good naturedly as he had taken everything in life so far, and only smiled gently as he slid from the cracker box, and nodding to the circle of men drifted slowly up the main street.

Out of eye range his expression changed. His face lit up with an inward glow.

"Maybe I've got my chance at last," he thought, grimly. "Hart won't get him. He's too cock-sure and Big Pete's too smart for him. It's my chance, I reckon." He slapped his leg and rubbed the place thoughtfully. Under this new impetus the loggers of Putnam Creek would hardly have known their deputy. "My first and last chance in life, I reckon," he repeated deliberately, "and—I'm going to take it."

Half way up the tree-shadowed street an idea jumped into his brain. The possibilities that it held were fascinating to contemplate, and he remained half the night enacted in that task, but when the next morning dawned, with the sun a pale glimmer of fire on the eastern horizon, Farley had mysteriously disappeared.

The forested spurs of the mountains furnished excellent sport for the hunters of that region, and many tourist Englishmen from various parts of the surrounding country remained a day or two in the vicinity in the hope of bagging some locally famous game. So when Big Pete, sitting warily at his cabin door, a week after his night visit to town, heard the familiar crack of the shotgun, his grim brows relaxed, and he continued his work—the binding together with leather thongs the little wooden bed that he was carefully mending.

It was such a tiny bed that the Englishman who appeared just then, rounding the other side of the big pine, stared in amazement. Tiny and daintily fashioned, its carefully planed surfaces glistening in the sun and its gilded knobs reflecting the glittering rays, it seemed an unreal object, and one likely to melt into thin air if approached too close. However the Englishman continued to stand some 20 feet away, and Big Pete, with lowered brows, uttered a swift, malevolent oath.

"Hell! An Englishman!" "Mornin'," returned the Englishman, crossly. "Do you know where I am, my good man? I rather fancy," he added in a vexed undertone, "that I've lost my way."

Big Pete shot a covert glance at the speaker. He was a little man with a general air of hopelessness and insufficiency about him that at any other time would have moved Pete to grim and silent mirth. As it was, he merely noted the empty game bag hanging from the stranger's shoulder, and drew his own deductions. Big Pete rose leisurely to his feet.

"Huntin'?" he briefly asked.

The stranger, nodded, dejectedly unslinging his empty bag.

"Devil's luck, and I've been camping in the mountains these ten days, too." Big Pete's look of relief was instantaneous. He resumed his seat on the rough bench and the stranger approaching, slid carelessly along the other end. He handled his gun awkwardly, and Big Pete, observing it, smiled grimly, as he drew some more deductions.

"That's game in these hills, if you know what to look for it," he vouchsafed, gruffly, as if fearful of an opening wedge.

The Englishman's eyes expressed polite attention—nothing more. They were peculiar eyes—gray, alert and steady. He kept them fastened on a near rock, and his shotgun lay carefully across his knees. As he asked his next question, his right hand dropped lightly on the barrel.

"The nearest town on a straight trail is Putnam Creek, eh?"

Big Pete's eyes leaped to the defensive again, but he answered the question with apparent irreverence.

"There's only one man in the hull damned outfit; that's Farley. He can ride faster, shoot straighter and manage a boat better than any one in the county—what in hell!"

For the muzzle of the Englishman's gun lying carelessly across his knees was pointing straight at his breast, and the Englishman's eyes, dark and cold, held a glint of steel.

"I'm Farley," said the stranger, softly.

Big Pete swore a little more. The end seemed unpleasantly near.

"Stand up!" ordered Farley, shortly.

"I've a boat this side the river. The way lies down that trail."

Strive as he would, the deputy could not keep the elation from his voice. He had succeeded where the others had failed. Luck had turned his way at last. The chance that he had waited and striven for—the chance that had been long in coming—the chance that was to show the people of his town what manner of man lay hid under the discouraging outer crust of his personality, had come, and he had jumped at it with a will. His eyes never left the outlaw's face. In his triumph he spoke unconsciously loud.

"By God! I'm not going to lose you!"

Big Pete squared his shoulders defiantly. He ached to spring at the little man and throttle the life out of him, but the open throat of a shotgun in a potent argument in favor of the man at the other end and Pete lounged sullenly toward the hidden trail.

"Be you a-goin' away, pop?"

The outlaw stopped with the suddenness of an animal. Farley's watchful eyes were on him, but he, too, was disconcerted by the unexpectedness of the childish voice and its appeal. In a trice Farley grasped the situation. The little girl who just then came flying across the line of vision was evidently the owner of the tiny bed, and the look in the outlaw's eyes told the rest.

Farley did not hesitate. He nodded

brusquely to Big Pete, and the outlaw constraining this as Farley intended that he should, stooped and swung the child to his shoulder. Her large, serious eyes looked back understandingly at Farley, and the deputy, while knowing that Big Pete's capture was now doubly sure, felt a quiver of emotion run along his nerves.

It was a strange trio that stalked in grim, dumb silence down the mountain path. Big Pete's massive head and shoulders lifting above the surrounding crags at every rise in the uneven ground, the child in his arms, with her brown curls tossed by the light, sweet mountain breeze, the oval brown of her small face already falling into lines of the repression habitual to those who live closely communing with the mountains, and Farley, stunted, active and ready, in the rear.

Big Pete plodded stolidly on. His mien was that of a captured lion, but with the child in his arms he no longer looked defiant. With half an hour's steady marching, the fork of the Snow river canyon loomed before them, and the boat, yawl-rigged and with a single pair of oars resting idly on the thwart, lay near the rocky shore.

"In with you!" said Farley, briefly.

Big Pete placed the child carefully on the ground and was about to obey, when Farley spoke.

"The little 'un, too," he meaningly commanded.

Big Pete swore again. "Put her between you and me," commanded Farley, furiously, noting Pete's reluctance at this last order, and guessing his scheme. "I can sail this boat with one hand, and manage a gun as mightily well with the other. All you've got to do is to sit quiet. Any accident," he took a straight glance at the man in the bow, "will mean two lives—maybe three."

Big Pete, baffled and helpless, looked at the receding shore with sullen despair. If it were not for the child—she sat quietly in front, her dark eyes riveted on the sunlit water, which in her short mountain life she had never seen before. He gasped, as in fancy he saw the gray adobe walls of the prison. To exist for months within a dreary, whitewashed cell! To see the bright sunlight and feel the clear, fresh air once more—and then, swinging from the end of a short hempen rope! The horrible vision stung his brain to madness. And as for that fool he had shot—he had heard of him since—a low, besotted wreck, but the law must take its way. And little Nance—what would become of her? She loved him—the only living thing that did! He gave an inarticulate growl. Nance looked round in wonder, and Farley's hand tightened on the trigger. The child was climbing over the seat to reach her father, when he motioned her back to her place. Big Pete, his eyes forcing Farley's, spoke:

"What's goin' to 'come of the kid?"

"She'll be looked after," said Farley, abruptly. There was something in his eyes that had not been there till now.

He looked at the little brown, down-cast head, and swiftly averted his gaze to the father, sitting in mental chains, lowering, baffled, hopeless, unwilling to save his own life for fear of endangering his child; equally unwilling to resign her without a struggle, and a gleam of something like pity shot over his mask-like features. Big Pete uttered another low, inarticulate growl. They were nearing the shore. Farley, on the alert, saw the danger signal in the outlaw's eyes, and divined what must inevitably follow. With a sudden swift twist of the tiller he drove the boat's head far up the sandy beach, at the same instant running down the sail. The yawl ground in the swirling sand, and lay, a mere chaos of slatted sails and tangled cordage, while a mighty oath was hurled from under the weight of the canvas. Big Pete, heaving and struggling among the wreckage, and hearing no sound from Nance, put forth one superb effort of his immense strength—convulsive, despairing—but the twining mesh held him as in a vice. Then he saw the broad, keen knife gleaming like the silver scales of a fish among the cordage.

There was a mighty, sparkling splash, and when Farley, who was busily engaged in extricating a badly frightened child from the mass of splintered timbers strewn along the shore, was able finally to look in that direction, only some little ripples on the surface told him that far down the river a man was swimming, with new courage born of hope and of remembrance that should never die.

"Yes," said Farley, laconically, some days later. "He was a pretty tough customer, but I most pulled the job through. I'd like to have brought him in, but as things was, I couldn't. He's got a quarry somewhere on that peak." He pointed to where the jagged spur stood clear and blue against the snow line. Little Nance, at his knee, looked at him with comprehending intelligence and smiled.

"I'm going up there again some day," continued Farley, musingly, returning Nance's confidential smile. Under his breath he added:

"But not as deputy."—Overland Monthly.

A Chinese Fish Story.

The fish editor of the Courier de Tientsin is going strongly at present. Gloat over this, oh ye disciples of Mun-chausen, and curl a passing pointer, oh ye followers in the footsteps of Anahais:

"Some days ago an enormous fish, 55 feet long, was caught in the vicinity of Peltang, near Tangku. It was cut up and sold in the surrounding villages. The carcass of the fish was probably poisonous, as 300 inhabitants who had eaten of it are dead and many others are ill."

What royal fiction such a man would scribe about the sea serpent!—Shanghai Times.

NOT in the TRUST

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Now is the time to FURNISH YOUR HOUSE
Carpets Your Floors and LIVE Comfortably.

Only First-Class stores keep first class goods and sold by first class clerks
how large your Purchases are immediate delivery is made to any part of the city

Call at once.

Northeast Corner 7th AND "I"

Name THE BEE when you call.

DEMOCRATIC FRAUD.

A Republican Counted Out.

The Committee on Privileges and Elections of the 58th Congress has just concluded the hearing of the case of Prioleau vs. Legare from the first congressional district of South Carolina. The case was argued three days. The contestant was represented by Messrs. Rivers and Holman, of Charleston, and the contestant by Gen'l. Dudley and Mr. Julius L. Mitchell. The latter is a full-blooded negro and a lawyer of some prominence in his State. He handled the facts and the law involved in the contest with great skill.

It was charged that out of 28,000 Republican votes in the district the Democrats counted only 275, and it was proved that 3,811 Republicans who appeared at the polls offering to vote were rejected by the democratic managers.

The total vote claimed by the Democrats was only 3,749. Mr. Mitchell laid special stress upon the unconstitutionality of the State's election laws and the harsh treatment of his people by the South. He declared that the South would never be right until the compelling force of public sentiment set it right.

The outlook is very bright for the success of the contest.

DR. J. E. SHEPARD.

Dr. J. E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., was in the city this week on special business connected with the great work in which he is engaged. This young man is a hard worker in religious work and will no doubt in the near future reach the zenith of his ambition. At the time Dr. Shepard was in the city he made a record of which any young man should feel proud. The Bee will have more to say of him in the future.

RELICS OF BYGONE DAYS.

New Methods Responsible for Deserter Homes and Villages in Parts of New Jersey.

In driving through certain portions of the townships of Washington and Bass river, says a Mount Holly (N. J.) dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean, one is struck by the number of deserted homes that line the main thoroughfare, through the pines. In some circumstances small villages that were once prosperous communities, are uninhabited and rapidly falling to decay.

In years gone by in the pine district there was considerable manufacturing going on, shipbuilding was an active industry, and the lumber trade occupied a large share of attention. The manufacture of iron from bog ore was also carried on. Now this is all changed. New methods have been responsible for it. The old furnace at Martha, where large quantities of iron were made, is a heap of ruins.

Near Hampton Gate is a church in which the colored people used to worship, and it, too, shows the marks of time. "King" Lewis Armstrong, deceased, of Mount Holly, was wont to come in years gone by and stir the brethren to fresh deeds of spiritual valor.

Another historic place is Washington tavern. Years ago it was a popular resort and favorite stopping place for teamsters carrying merchandise from the shore to Mount Holly. Today the building is tottering, the

WOMAN OF RARE TACT.

Wife of British Ambassador at Washington Has Shared Husband's Official Triumphs.

If Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the new British ambassador to Washington, is looked upon as the flower of the British public service, no less appreciative a title can be bestowed upon his wife, Lady Durand, who has just joined her husband at Washington. For, throughout Sir Mortimer's eventful career, Lady Durand has been at his side, carrying out with infinite tact and womanly kindness the many peculiar duties that often fall to the lot of a minister's wife in oriental countries.

Lady Durand is the daughter of Teignmouth Sandys, a well-known Englishman. It was in 1875, two years after Sir Mortimer had entered the Bengal civil service, that Miss Ella Rebe Sandys became Lady Durand. She has one son, a lieutenant in the Ninth lancers, who was wounded in the relief of Kimberley during the Transvaal war, and one daughter, Josephine, aged 26.

Being the wife of a diplomat who has been in many places, and has had to straighten out many tangles, Lady Durand naturally has known times of



LADY DURAND.
(Charming Wife of the British Ambassador at Washington.)

extreme anxiety. Her husband, going to the eastern empire on the eve of a great crisis, soon won recognition, and was transferred to the political department, being appointed political secretary to Earl Roberts, who was then about to undertake the Cabul campaign. Successfully carrying through many delicate negotiations, on his return from Afghanistan Sir Mortimer was appointed under secretary of the Indian foreign office, five years later becoming foreign secretary.

He accompanied the marquis of Dufferin when he met the ameer of Afghanistan in 1875, and in the following year went with him to Mandalay, during the Burmese war. At the close of the Tibetan campaign he was deputed to conduct negotiations with the Chinese as to the frontier, which undertaking brought him the title of knight commander of the Star of India.

In the early autumn of 1893 Sir Mortimer Durand was called upon to go to Afghanistan to conduct a special mission to the Abdur Rahman, where affairs were in a most perilous state, and the following year he left India to become envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the shah of Persia and consul general at Teheran. Three years ago Sir Mortimer left the Persian legation to go to Madrid, receiving at the time of the change, as a mark of approval, the grand cross of St. Michael and St. George.

It is the wife who has participated in such a career as this, who has rejoiced in the triumphs when the nights of anxiety were past, who is the new chateau at the British embassy in Washington, and if Americans are pleased to welcome her, no less delighted is Lady Durand to take up her residence in the United States.

LAWRENCE O. MURRAY.

First Assistant Secretary of Department of Commerce and Labor
Well Known in the West.

Lawrence O. Murray, of Chicago, who has been chosen assistant secretary of the department of commerce and labor at Washington, is at present secretary of the Central Trust Company of Illinois. Three years ago he came to Chicago, prior to which time he had been trust officer of the Central Trust Company of America at New York. This will not be the first government office



LAWRENCE O. MURRAY.
(New Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor Department.)

that Mr. Murray has held, for he has been private secretary to the assistant secretary of the treasury, and has been deputy controller of the currency, holding the latter position two years. Mr. Murray was born at Addison, N. Y., in 1864; was educated at Niagara university and in 1883, he was admitted to the bar in New York city in 1883. He is a friend of Secretary Cortelyou.

failure, except in limited localities. They have studied the State-aid plan and observed the great advance made under it. Finally, they have been studying the question of National aid, combined with State and local aid, and they appear to have concluded that "It is the way for which they have long sought." "The Grange" in its national meeting at Rochester, last November, came out with the following strong and unequivocal declaration:

"Whereas, The United States Government has expended vast amounts of money in the improvements of transportation facilities by river and harbor appropriations, and has donated vast tracts of valuable land in aid of the construction of railroads;

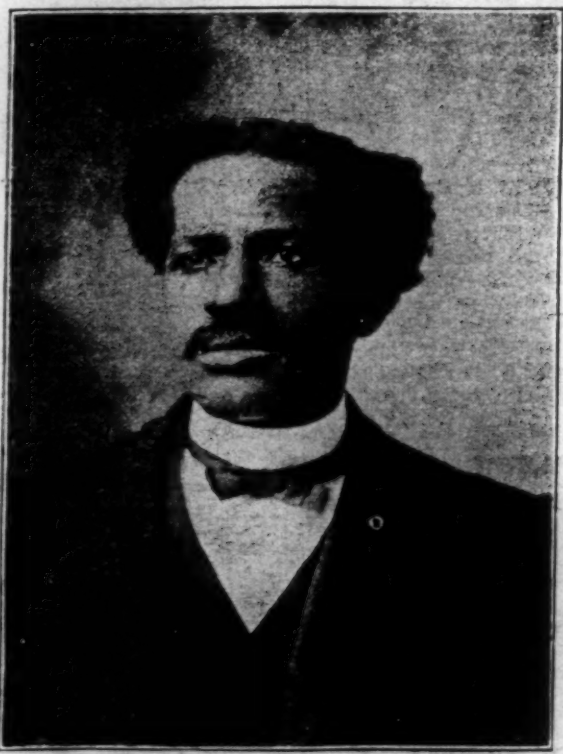
"Therefore Be it Resolved, That the National Grange favors the inauguration of a National policy for the improvement of the highways, and the appropriation by Congress of a liberal amount to establish a comprehensive system of road improvement through the co-operation of the Federal and State Governments" suggesting that the general features of what is termed the Brownlow Bill embody the essential features of such a policy.

"Resolved, That we call upon all State, P. nona and Subordinate Granges to take prompt and vigorous action upon this important matter, and we hereby authorize the Legislative Committee of the National Grange to inaugurate and conduct an aggressive campaign in securing Federal aid for improvement of highways. Also that our Legislative Committee be authorized to gather all the information possible regarding the roads law and systems of road building in the several States, and that such information be published in such form as the Committee deems best."

These resolutions will set in motion a vast force that moves irresistibly, for it must be remembered that the National Grange usually gets what it goes after, whether it is a State freight law, the creation of a National Department of Agriculture, or the passage of an oleomargarine bill. This is by far the most important endorsement the Brownlow Bill has yet received.

THE SECTO NO.

There have been many musical organizations established in this city, but there have been none to equal the See To No Musical Club of which Mrs. A. V. Chase is directress. This club is



REV. S. L. CORROTHERS.

Mrs. Ida Smallwood left the city on Friday, the 15th, for Atlantic City, where her daughter is quite ill.

Miss Henrietta Vinton Davis, who has been absent for several years in different parts of the United States performing her dramatic profession, returned to the city last week after a severe illness in Memphis, Tenn. She is residing with her mother, 53 Center Street N. E.

The revival services which are being conducted at the Metropolitan Baptist Church, R Street, between 12th and 13th streets N. W., by the famous pulpit orator and evangelist, Rev. Simon W. Drew, D. D., will continue until February 21st. He will deliver the following sermons to-morrow, January 18th, at 7:30 p. m., "The Lamb of God." At 7:30 p. m., "I have put my foot on the rock. How can I put it out?" Other sermons to be announced later.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE WANTS GOOD ROADS.

Demands the Aid of Uncle Sam and Endorses the Brownlow Bill.

The farmers are a class conservative in their views, and slow to move. They are turning first and their talking afterwards. The farmers of this country have been reading and thinking about road improvement and the best way to secure that much-desired result. They have considered the burden of local taxation and labor, and have found this long tried plan to be a

composed of young misses ranging from 10 to 16 years of age and The Bee would not say too much if it said that the musicals that have been given met the expectations of all lovers of music. Their musicals demonstrated the musical ability of the directress as well as the ability of the young misses, who have received instruction from the directress. The musicals that are given every Saturday afternoon are more than interesting.

GALBRAITH CHURCH REVIVAL.

The Work of Rev. S. L. Corrothers—Eighteen Converts.

The revival at Galbraith Church is the largest that has ever been held in that church. Already eighteen persons have professed religion and the good work continues to go on under the pastorate of Rev. S. L. Corrothers, who has been a success at this church. Since his pastorate he has already raised seventeen thousand thousand dollars on the debt of the church, the largest amount raised by any of his predecessors.

The revival in progress will continue to February first and great crowds are being assembled in the church every night. Hundreds are turned away on account of lack of seating capacity. The pastor is a great worker and it is expected that there will be fully two hundred converts before the first of February.

HAVE YOU PAID US?
IF NOT PLEASE DO SO.

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

By Miss May Clematis.

Some girls are too fresh.
Do not go alone on excursions.
Every girl should protect herself.
Do not express too much anxiety.
Do not expect to please everybody.
Courtship is of short duration now.
Never introduce yourself to a male.
Do not imagine that you are pretty.
It is in bad taste to admire yourself.
Artifice is like fresh cake it will get stale.

Independence in a girl will demand respect.
S. T. You must be able to protect yourself.

Be slow to speak but quick to comprehend.

Self pride will after lead to ridicule and disgust.

When your conscience is right, you need not fear.

Always be on time when you intend to attend church.

What will please some people will satisfy others.

The honeymoon lasts three days and hardly that.

O. T. Dresses have been quite pretty this summer.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you.

Everything that becomes other people may not become you.

He will not respect you, neither could you ask to be introduced.

Familiarity should not be tolerated, it will cause you to be disrespected.

Nellie. Deception is very often prevalent in a fickle minded girl.

Norah. Do not be selfish. It is in bad taste to impose upon a true friend.

Paint on the face is vulgar. It readily demonstrates the character of the woman.

No lady will allow a man to walk with her with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.

Miss E. You should not doubt when you see evidences of affections and of ability.

What you are and do not ever expect to make of yourself something else.

Your good senses will teach you that you are respected by your escort.

Always keep one thing in view and that is always keep the gossipers quiet.

A good house wife knows how to manage a house and what will please her husband.

Do not believe everything that is said to you. It is well to weigh everything.

Do not imagine that your heart cannot be filled by another. Hearts are often of this opinion.

Be contented and you will be loved. There are times in one's life when acts become bunglesome.

Miss R. Elashy dressing will become some people but what ones like is another question.

Friendship can be alienated by foolishness and indifference. Some people cannot appreciate true friendship.

As T. M. You cannot expect to be your friends by deception. This action was given to you some ago.

How can you expect to demand respect if you do not conduct yourself properly. You ask for advice. Be wise and let your actions and conduct show you are.

All work is honorable, and should never be to proud to do the same work. Protect your honor and let your actions show you are what you are.

You doubt yourself, hence cannot trust others. You must have confidence in some body. Never go to a conclusion until you are fully convinced. Do not suspect a friend without cause.

Take life as you find it. It is not your make it any way. There are those who believe that goodness is in the eye of the beholder. Many hypocrites with no meaning or sincerity.

Be thoroughly convinced that you have selected the proper person to give the final yes. It is a serious decision. Divorces are common. Do not marry for the name or condition is to be improved by your companion the proper person.

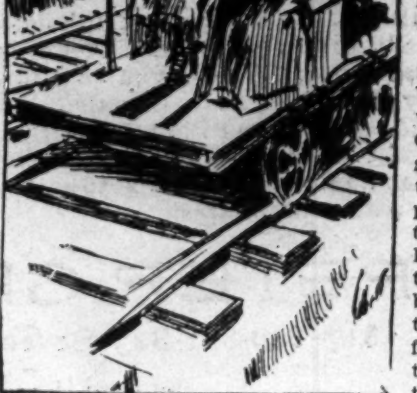
You are going away for the summer. You want to know what is the best. It is better for you to go to a quiet country place and rest up than to be in the city. Do not permit your life to be a failure. Your health is not permit you Take a good rest.

NOVEL TRIP TO SCHOOL.

Brother and Sister Make Daily Round on Railroad Velocipede Propelled by Big Sister.

Miss Ina Crossett, who as telegraph operator and ticket seller helps her father in the railroad station at Wyand, crossing on the Rock Island and Burlington roads, has a novel way of getting her brother and sister to school at the village of Wyand. In the morning she takes them in a velocipede car and with the same vehicle brings them back again at night. She makes the mile and a half between the crossing and the village and back again in ten minutes.

In order to make the operating of the car easy for a woman her father bolted a board crosswise over the seat of the car. The young woman sits on one end and little Lucile, her sister, on the other. Willie, the brother, is made to sit on the rear seat, facing backwards, spotting any trouble that may come in the way of an approaching train. The track is double between the two stations, so that the trio



GOING TO SCHOOL.

is most concerned as to what is running ahead.

Miss Crossett graduated at the same school and she figured it out that she had walked 5,000 miles in going back and forward while she was at her studies, and she determined to save her brother and sister such an extended trudging. The car is used to put up switch lights and for other purposes, and she induced him to equip it as described. When she and her sister each get a foot on the treadle and the wind is with them they sail up the big steel highway in grand style. If for any reason they are obliged to take the machine off the track the three are drilled to take hold after a certain agreed on fashion and the contrivance is yanked off the rails and set down at a safe distance on the right of way.

In the evening the children wait at a given point and are ready to help set the car on the right hand track and take their places. In an instant the car is spinning homeward bound.

WOLVES CHASE MEN.

Traveling Salesman and His Driver Have Thrilling Adventure in Northern Minnesota.

C. J. Chapman, of Duluth, Minn., a traveling salesman for a drug company, and a youth named Frank Perry, have just had a thrilling experience with wolves in the wilds of Minnesota. Chapman engaged a team at Pine River to take him to Backus, 12 miles distant. Perry was in charge of the team.

Soon after dark, and while four miles from Backus, five wolves came up behind them. Perry was frightened and so were the horses. Chapman took the reins and told Perry to beat off the wolves with the whip. The horses were urged to a run.

The team was becoming exhausted when a happy thought occurred to Perry. He had a well stocked lunch basket, and began throwing out its contents to the

wolves. The animals stopped to quarrel over the morsels, and when they resumed the chase another small quantity was thrown them.

One-half mile from Backus the last bit of food was thrown out and the empty lunch basket with it. The wolves, fiercer and more eager than ever gained every moment. Chapman stood up in the sleigh and lashed the tired horses to a final effort. At the edge of town the wolves uttered angry howls of disappointment and gave up the pursuit. One of the horses will die.

Second Growth of Hair.

Some years ago the sexton of the Catholic church at Grand Falls, N. B., had a head of pure white hair. It became thinner and thinner, until in 1900 he was perfectly bald. Then a thick crop of jet black hair began to sprout, intermingled with gray. He is in his eighty-fifth year.

Howe Versus Man Power.

The strength of two horses equals that of 15 men.

HEART WAS LEATHER.

She Lost It and Beau of Her Childhood Found It.

Naturally This Combination Led to Reunion and a Happy Wedding—A Case of Meddlesome Father.

"She lost her heart to him"—extract from any popular novel of the deeply sentimental type.

Once at least it has happened actually. The heart was lost—actually. The young man who got it married the girl who lost the heart. The only unromantic thing about it was that the heart was leather.

"Wins girl with leather heart" was the headline they put on the story. That sounded like the cry of a dime museum "commercial orator," but that also was a fact.

The girl with the leather heart was Miss Naomi K. Woods, daughter of Benjamin F. Woods, of San Francisco. The man who found the leather heart and won the girl was Wilmot F. Haughton, son of the late Maj. Charles Haughton, of Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Woods had refused to allow Haughton to marry his daughter until he had stopped gambling and had saved \$2,500 by honest toil.

The way the leather heart comes to figure in the case is thus: Last year the Wholesale Saddlery association, of which Mr. Woods is a member, met in Cleveland and Miss Woods attended the sessions with her father. The women at the meeting were presented each with a photograph case of morocco leather in the shape of a heart. Miss Woods put her picture in the case and then lost it—the heart and the picture. It was found by Haughton, who was astonished to find the picture that of his old sweetheart, from whom he had been separated by the edict of her father. Woods was determined that Haughton should not marry his daughter, believing that he gambled and was not saving. That had been four years before.

When Haughton found the picture he carried it to the girl and said:

"I should like to return this and claim the reward."

The father found that the young man had stopped gambling and had saved the necessary \$2,500 and accordingly the engagement was announced.

Here's a stubborn father. This one was John Dineen, of Yankton, S. D. His rebellious son was Albert Dineen, aged 17, and the bride was Miss Jessie Lane.



RETURNED THE HEART.

the same age. They were married at Dakota City after they had been arrested by the Sioux City police while passing through that city.

After they had been arrested at the father's request he relented, the son declaring that he would not give the girl up. The conversation of young Dineen with the policemen while he was being held at Sioux City was interesting.

"Well, I see the old man has got me," exclaimed the young lover angrily. "I expected as much. I don't care. I won't give up Jessie for a minute. You won't consent to give me up, will you?"

"Never!" exclaimed the girl.

"Father's mixing in this won't do any good," continued the boy. "I won't go home. If I go, I won't stay. I'll hike right back to Jessie. You just watch me. Is the old man coming down after me?"

"I don't know," said the officer.

"Well, if he does, he'd better bring somebody with him, for I am a better man than dad is any day. He can't take me up there."

Dineen was searched at the police station. A pocketbook, in which reposed a lock of Jessie's hair, tied with a red ribbon, was found. He looked lingeringly at the lovelock as he passed it over to the officer.

The young man then told of how at seven o'clock in the morning he awoke, went into the next room, where his intended wife was staying, and awakened her. They gathered together a few articles of clothing, hired a hack, and went to the depot. He said their elopement would have been perfectly unknown to his father if he had not purchased a ticket at the depot.

"We intended to go to Dakota City and there get tied up," he said. "Jessie's mother lives 16 miles from there, and five miles from Homer. I can work. I have had to work ever since I was big enough to travel around, and I guess we could get along. The folks don't like Jessie. My parents and all the kids have it in for her. I am game, though, and I won't give her up."

Whereupon Jessie's eyes gleamed with regard, while she watched every movement of her boy lover.

Afterwards the father relented, the police released the lovers, and they went their way in peace.

Howe Versus Man Power.

The strength of two horses equals that of 15 men.

HAUNTS DEEP WOODS.

Wild Man Whose Face Is Hidden by Rough Beard.

Avoided Civilization for Years, But Now Comes Daily to Country Hotel—Hair Like Mane Adds to Repulsiveness.

Living alone in a lair located in a tract of dense woods not far from Cincinnati is a mysterious creature, human in form, but with all the attributes of the animal strongly apparent.

Seldom seen, except in the early dawn, or at dusk in the evening, no one has been able to give a good description of the mystery, and those who attempt to do so unconsciously fall into the use of words descriptive of beasts of the forest.

The locality chosen by the strange creature is a tract of dense woods situated about 11 miles from Cincinnati in Kenton county, Ky., and along the line of the C. & N. & T. railway.

Through the trees in these woods occasional glimpses of firelight have been discovered at night by the few people who live in that vicinity.

Investigation in the day might failed to locate any habitation, even so much as a hut of boughs or of sods.

For a time the source of the firelight was a mystery which the simple refused to investigate at night.

Soon, however, those who lived on the edge of the forest, and particularly the people living at Geo.-ome-zu Springs, became aware of the cause of the nocturnal gleams in the forest.

There appeared at dawn one day to the startled servants of the little hotel at the springs a strange and weird-appearing creature.

It was without doubt a man, of whom description fails to give a true conception.

He was hatless, with a thick mane of tawny hair matted into an almost solid mass, the lower part of his face concealed by a heavy beard as unkempt and tangled as his hair, the upper part of his face an indescribable color from the effects of smoke and dirt.

His brutish appearance was augmented by the color of an old chinchilla ulster, which had once been brown, but which, from long use and exposure to the sun, wind, rain and contact with the earth, was, as has been described by one who saw the creature, "about the color of a red fox."

The remnants of a pair of ragged trousers showed beneath the coat. More by



WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

signs than by speech this strange being signified that it was hungry.

Food was offered him, which he grasped ravenously, but instead of eating it at the door of the kitchen, he thrust it into an old coarse bag, and, turning without another word, he trotted off into the forest and was lost to sight.

The servants told of their experience and the landlord and guests of the hotel awaited the next coming of the "wild man," as the servants called him.

When he again appeared, attempts were made to question him and to learn something of his mode of living, as well as his identity.

The question appeared to be uninteresting to the creature, with the exception of one, which asked where he came from.

In reply to this he muttered "Michigan," or a word that was taken for the name of that state. Securing his morsel of food, he again trotted away to the woods.

Further efforts to elicit information have been even more signal failures than the first. He does not seem to understand what is wanted of him.

He does not appear to fear questioning or investigation. He returns to the hotel daily, always at dusk or dawn, however, and gets his food, much as an animal would be prompted by instinct to seek its sustenance in the same place daily.

Cat Rides on Car Truck.

An Albany (N. Y.) cat, perched on one of the trucks of a New York passenger train, made the journey between that city and Utica, traveling the distance at the rate of a mile a minute. The feline was well groomed, its sleek body indicating that it had a good home in the capital city. All attempts at persuasion did not stir the cat when the train reached this city, for the reason it was frozen to the trucks. The cat was finally dislodged, and within ten minutes had thawed out, jumping nimbly about. It was ascertained that the cat had jumped to the car trucks when the train pulled out of Albany.

New Way of Shipping Fish.

Salt water tanks are to be attached to the sides of some of the German railroad cars, for the purpose of conveying live fish from the seaboard to the inland cities and towns.

-Hair Restorer.

All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cream, cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

Treatment of the Skin and Scalp.

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1122 3rd St. N. W.

J. H. DABNEY, Proprietor.

TEN YEARS IN CONGRESS.

Twenty-Five Veterans in House of Representatives Who Feel Like Having a Good Time.

There are 25 men who began their service in the house in the Fifty-third congress and who have served continuously since and are now entering upon their sixth term. For ten years they have been associated with each other, and the fact that so many beginning at that time should be reelected for five successive times has started some talk about the formation of a club, something like the Tantalus club, which should give a dinner once or twice during the winter. The difficulty with the Tantalus club is that it continues to grow on account of new members.

The Fifty-third Congress club cannot grow and is bound to decrease in numbers. Those who are eligible to the Fifty-third Congress club are Adams, of Pennsylvania; Babcock, of Wisconsin; Bartholdt, of Missouri; Cooper, of Wisconsin; Cooper, of Texas; Cousins, of Iowa; Curtis, of Kansas; Dinmore, of Arkansas; Dovenor, of West Virginia; Gardner, of New Jersey; Gillet, of New

York; Gillet, of Massachusetts; Little, of Arkansas; Loudenslager, of New Jersey; McCall, of Massachusetts; McCleary, of Minnesota; Maddox, of Georgia; Mahon, of Pennsylvania; Parker, of New Jersey; Swanson, of Virginia; Tate, of Georgia; Tawney, of Minnesota; Van Voorhis, of Ohio; Wanger, of Pennsylvania; and Williams, of Mississippi.

These men, who were all cubs back in that congress which met first in the summer of 1893 to repeal the silver purchase act, have quite a fondness for one another. Naturally, as new members, they were thrown in each other's society. In that congress they had little to do save to sit back and watch the wheels go round. So engrossed with themselves and the business of the house were the older members that they paid little attention to these new men, who sort of flocked by themselves.

But they are no longer the men who were merely onlookers. One of them, Williams, is the minority leader; another, Tawney, is the republican "whip" and the speaker's right hand man. One, Babcock, has been chairman of the republican congressional campaign committee in five successive and successful campaigns; one, Cooper, of Wisconsin, is chairman of the insular committee. Dinmore is the ranking minority member of foreign affairs. Nearly every one of them has taken a prominent place in the house.



HON. JAMES A. TAWNEY.
(Minnesota Congressman Who Is One of the Veterans of the House.)

York; Gillet, of Massachusetts; Little, of Arkansas; Loudenslager, of New Jersey; McCall, of Massachusetts; McCleary, of Minnesota; Maddox, of Georgia; Mahon, of Pennsylvania; Parker, of New Jersey; Swanson, of Virginia; Tate, of Georgia; Tawney, of Minnesota; Van Voorhis, of Ohio; Wanger, of Pennsylvania; and Williams, of Mississippi.

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We are prepared to furnish our full line of Model 1893 rifles, solid and take-down for the new .32 Caliber High-Pressure Smokeless cartridge. This rifle uses a 165-grain bullet and has a velocity of over 2,000 feet per second, making it the most powerful cartridge made for an American rifle, with the exception of the .30-40 U. S. Army. It is sufficiently deadly for any game known in North America. Another great advantage is that the barrels are bored as drilled (but not chambered) exactly the same as the regular .32-40 Marlin, one runs in 16 inches. This makes the use of black powder and lead bullets as satisfactory and convenient as in a regular black powder rifle. This size is the first high-pressure rifle developed in this country for a caliber larger than .30, and the first to use a slow enough twist to give best results with black powder ammunition. Prices same as .30-40 MARLIN. 120-page cat. log of rifles, shotguns, ammunition, etc., cover in 9 colors, mailed for three stamps.

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The Bee Printing Co

His Remedy.

Johnny—Ma, aren't they using Eucalypti oil to get rid of the mosquitoes? Mamma—Yes; I believe so. Johnny—I wonder why they don't give them castor oil?—Puck.

OR on a Bender.

Officer—I suppose you gent's are on pleasure bent. The Gents—Not exactly; but we have a hic-leaving that way.—Harvard Lampoon.

Call for the Republican National Convention.

TO THE REPUBLICAN ELECTORS OF THE UNITED STATES:

In accordance with established custom and in obedience to instructions of the national convention of 1900, the National Republican Committee directs that a national convention of delegates representatives of the Republican party be held at the city of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the President and Vice President to be voted for at the Presidential election Tuesday, November 8, 1904, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it, and that said convention shall assemble at 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, the 21st day of June, 1904.

The Republican electors of the several States and Territories, and the District of Columbia, Alaska and Indian Territory, and all other electors, without regard to past political affiliations, who believe in the principles of the Republican party and indorse its policies, are cordially invited to unite under this call in the selection of candidates for President and Vice President.

Said national convention shall consist of a number of delegates at large from each State equal to double the number of United States Senators to which each State is entitled, and for each Representative at large. From each Congressional district and the District of Columbia, two delegates. From each of the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Hawaii, and Indian Territory, six delegates. From Alaska, four delegates. For each delegate elected to said convention an alternate delegate shall be elected to act in case of the absence of the delegate, such alternate delegate to be elected at the time and in the manner of electing the delegate. All delegates shall be elected not less than thirty days before the meeting of the national convention. Delegates at large shall be elected by popular vote in each Territory, and in each Congressional district, of which at least thirty days' notice shall have been published in some newspaper or newspapers of general circulation in the respective States and Territories.

The Congressional district delegates shall be elected by conventions called by the Congressional committee of each district in the manner of nominating the candidates for Representative in Congress in said district; provided, that in any Congressional district where there is no Republican Congressional committee, the Republican State committee shall appoint from among the Republican residents in each district a committee for the purpose of calling a district convention to elect delegates to represent said district.

The election of delegates from the District of Columbia shall be held under the direction and supervision of an election board composed of Mr. Caspin Brown, Mr. George H. Harris, and Mr. John F. Cook.

Such board shall have authority to fix the date of such election and to arrange all details and regulations incident thereto, and shall provide for a registration of the votes as cast, such registration to include the name and residence of each voter.

The Territorial delegates shall be elected in the manner of nominating candidates for delegates in Congress, and delegates from Alaska and Indian Territory shall be elected by popular convention.

All notices of contests shall be submitted in writing, accompanied by a printed statement setting forth the grounds of contest, which shall be filed with the secretary of the national committee twenty days prior to the meeting of the national convention. Contests will be acted on by the national convention in the order of the date of filing of notice and statement with the secretary.

PERRY S. HEATH, M. A. HANNA,
Secretary. Chairman.

National Negro Suffrage League Convention.

SECOND MEETING.

Commencing, June 20th, 1904—Chicago, Illinois.

OBJECT.

The object of this Convention is to invoke the aid of the Republican Party in National Convention assembled to the end that Southern Disfranchisement may be broken up.

REPRESENTATION.

Each state will be entitled to a representation equal to the number of her Congressional representation.

RATES.

Delegates attending this Convention will be able to avail themselves of the rate to the National Republican Convention, one fare for the round trip.

HEAD-QUARTERS.

The National Negro Suffrage League operates at Washington, D. C., a Bureau of Publicity and Promotion, from which a campaign will be directed against Southern Disfranchisement.

President, James H. Hayes, Va.,
Gen. Sec'y., Jas. E. Dixon, R. I.,
Rec. Sec'y., W. T. Ridley, Pa.,
Treas., Rev. J. A. Taylor, Wash. C. C.,
Eastern Organizer, Rev. J. A. Churchman, N. J.,
Western Organizer, J. C. Leftwith, Oklahoma.

For further information, address

JAS. H. HAYES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Washington, D. C.

All Negro papers and publications please copy.

CROSS OR CRESCENT

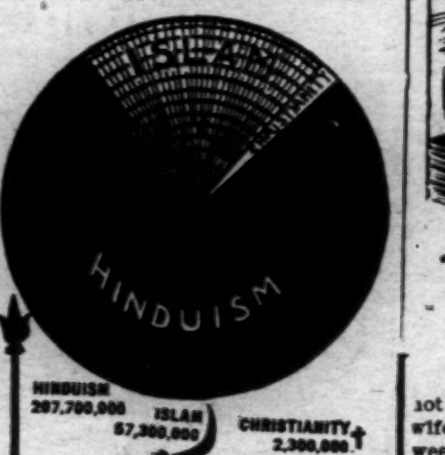
Which Will Ultimately Be Victorious in India?

A Question Which is of Profound Interest to Every Lover of Civilization—Will Take Center-stage to Solve It.

As a result of all the missionary effort thus far put forth in India, about 2,500,000 out of the nearly 300,000,000 of natives are nominal Christians. On the other hand, Mohammedanism now embraces about 20 per cent. of the population of India, and its influence is growing, rather than waning. In view of these facts, the question at the head of this article assumes considerable significance. Mr. Frederic Austin Ogg, who writes an informing article in the Open Court, Chicago, on the conflict between Christianity and Mohammedanism in India, believes that eventually Christianity will triumph; but he also believes (1) that many centuries of time will be necessary to accomplish this result; (2) that, in the meantime, Mohammedanism, "the religion rapidly becoming dominant in the orient," will have to be defeated on its own ground; (3) that this will necessitate the employment of very different means from those now in use; and (4) that when India shall be Christianized it will not be de-orientalized, and the Christianity that supplants the existing faiths will probably not accord at all with what is considered orthodox in the west.

The exact manner in which Mohammedanism was brought into India, it seems, a matter of controversy. For a long time it was supposed that invaders from the north, probably from Arabia, forced it upon the Hindus at the point of the sword. Mr. Ogg, however, takes the view that "Mohammedanism was propagated in India by preaching and persuasion, and was accepted by so large a proportion of the people because of conviction rather than compulsion." He writes further:

"The magnitude of the conflict now on between Mohammedanism and Christianity in Asia, Africa and the islands of the eastern seas, is by no means realized by the majority of western people. On all its boundaries Islam is steadily advancing. Moreover, as a recent writer has pointed out, it is constantly developing an internal cohesion which may in time bring the Moslems in all the vast region from the Niger to the Ganges into a conscious unity of purpose. When this is accomplished, the world may look for some interesting developments. It is estimated that Islam's gains in India alone counterbalance its losses in all other parts of the world. . . . In Bengal, containing 74,713,020 inhabitants, a third of whom are Mohammedans and only two-tenths of one per cent. of whom are Christians, the greatest progress in proselytism is under way. Mohammedanism is not advancing in India with the rapidity which characterizes western religious movements. But considering the rigid conservatism to be overcome and the exclusively peaceful means employed, the results must be quite satisfactory to men of the Asiatic turn of mind."



The writer attributes a great part of the success of the Mohammedan propaganda to its dogmatism. The "illuminating force of a belief in a single God" and the authoritative teachings of the Koran make a strong appeal, he thinks, to those who have known only the vagueness and uncertainty of the Buddhist faiths. If it be asked why Christianity, also a monotheistic and authoritative religion, has not met with the same ready response, Mr. Ogg replies that there are many reasons. In the first place, Mohammedanism has the advantage both of priority and of Asiatic kinship. "Explain it as we may, there is an intellectual and spiritual barrier between the Asiatic and the European which no amount of effort has ever yet been able to break down." The attitude of the two religions toward the Indian caste system strikingly illustrates the truth of this statement. While Christianity "proclaims the natural rights and equality of men, and by so doing strikes a death-blow at the caste-system," Mohammedanism "merely asks the Hindoo to change caste by entering the great brotherhood of the faithful."

One thing is sure, says the writer in conclusion, "India will be neither Mohammedan nor Christian for many centuries to come."

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Eastern Arabia is one of the richest mineral fuel regions in the world. The area of all the paying coal layers in Europe comprises only 22,760 square miles, an area equal to that in one of the Russian provinces—the Kazan province.

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The average yield of potatoes in the province of Ontario for the last 21 years is given as 115 bushels to the acre.

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Terms Cash.

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WIFE IS HIS BOSS.

And She Wouldn't Let Her Husband Go to Defend Himself in a Suit for Divorce.

John Helms could not attend his wife's divorce suit in Judge Tuthill's court at Chicago the other day, because Mrs. Helms, who is head of the department in which he is employed in a downtown department store, would not let him off. Hereafter Helms must



"I'll ALLOW YOU ALIMONY."

Not only report for orders to his divorced wife, but he must pay her alimony of \$5 weekly, and that may come hard, for Mrs. Helms told the court that heretofore she had always supported her husband.

"I paid the rent and household expenses for six years," the wife explained, "and gave John a little money each week to spend. He got only a small salary and spent it all on himself." "You have not asked for alimony," said the court. "No," Mrs. Helms replied, with a smile; "all I care for is the divorce." "Well, I'll allow you alimony of \$5 a week. As head of Mr. Helms' department I suppose you can see that he pays it."

"I can," the department head answered.

"I wonder whether she will discharge her ex-husband or raise his salary when she gets back to the store," whispered a woman who was waiting her own turn for a divorce.

Queer Trade Commodities.

Most people nowadays hear a lot about the conservation of waste, but looking through the catalogue of traders of various kinds it is astounding what a number of eccentric commodities are utilized for trade purposes. The skins of millions of seals are tanned and used as leather for bootlaces; frogskin has become one of the most beautiful and useful articles known to the binders of fancy books and the makers of fans; walrus whiskers provide the most elegant toothpicks known to the modern man of fashion; and beetles of a certain kind are exported by the hundredweight for use on theatrical dresses.

When Money Talks.

A quiet little game is one in which money does nearly all the talking.

Former are to be severed and that I am to leave Baltimore. The Baltimore & Ohio is a great property and has a great future. It is now coming into this future.

The Globe Trotting Record.

The globe trotting record is now held by James Willis Sayre, who made the circuitous excursion in 94 days and nine hours. He says he traveled 19,500 miles, spent \$219, used no special conveyances or privileges, carried no letters of introduction, and used no courier.

LEGAL NOTICE.

W. Calvin Chase and L. M. King, Attorneys.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding a Probate Court.

No. 11,851, Administration. This is to give notice: That the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Thomas Robinson late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers therefor authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of December, A. D. 1904; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of December 1903.

W. M. Robinson, 222 Capital Ave., 1st City, D. C.
Attest: John R. Rosser,
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

Perri W. Frisby, Attorney.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding a Probate Court.

No. 11,852, Administration. This is to give notice:

That the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters Testamentary on the estate of Rosy Chatman late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers therefor authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of December, A. D. 1904; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of December 1903.

John C. Norwood, 353 Superior St., N. W.
Attest: John R. Rosser,
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

Established 1866

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Creek Rye.

Wine More Than a Bride.

Taking a matrimonial leap in the dark

has resulted in amusing complications

for a Colorado couple. A few months

ago a fascinating young widow and an

elderly widower met at a Denver board-

ing house and became so enraptured

with each other that a wedding was duly

celebrated. Unfortunately, in his anxiety

to win the fair widow, the gentleman

omitted to state that he had a family of

half a dozen children, and from a similar

failure of memory the widow forgot to

mention her four olive branches. In

fact, these little family secrets only

leaked out on the wedding day, when it

was too late to turn back. The result

of the disclosures may be easily im-

agined, with the picture of two disgusted

and disillusioned parents and ten fra-

gious children in their happy home.

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Engineers expect soon to be able to

burn gas in such a continuous stream

that it will be useful in the turbine

form of engine.

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Carpets call for first consideration, and we are prepared to save you from 20 to 25 cents on every yard, because we make, lay and line them entirely free of cost. You are charged only with the actual number of yards required to cover your floors. The material unavoidably wasted in

matching figures is our loss, not yours. Our Carpet floor contains the best weaves and the newest colors in Velvets, Axminsters, Tapestries, Brussels, and Ingrains. We personally guarantee the durability of every yard, no matter what the price. Our stock of Parlor Furniture consists of nearly 100 styles in three and five-piece

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and Lined,
Free.

Suites. All the newest upholsteries are included, and our credit prices are lower than similar qualities sell for in the cash stores. We are complete furnishers, including Crockery, Cut Glass, Lace Curtains, Pottery and other hangings, Bedding, Framed Pictures, mirrors, Brick-a-Brac &c. Our credit terms are easier than those of any other house in Washington. Payments to suit you—weekly or monthly—no notes—no interest.

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Cured in 10 to 20 days without the use of poisonous drugs.

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Cures quick and radical in 10 to 30 days by my own famous method.

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Cured without cutting from 3 to 10 days.

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Every vestige of poison removed from system without aid of mercury or potash.



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